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energetic and manly, nervous and impressive; he never suffers the attention to flag, or the subject to become wearisome; there is no insipidity, no stiffness or coldness about him: vigorous and effective, he does not approach the subject with the cautious policy of a hack-nied pleader, fearful of committing little faults, but throwing himself heart and soul into his cause, he identifies himself at once with his client's interest; he does not hesitate to weigh his words, and ponder upon sentences, but grapples boldly with his subject, and unlike those declaimers who are loud only in expression, while feeble in sentiment, he delivers his opinions in language pregnant with sound sense and generous feeling, advocating the cause he has espoused with zeal and intrepidity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

*The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck; a Romance.*  
By the Author of Frankenstein. 3 vols.  
post 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

MRS. SHELLEY, in her preface to this novel, boldly avows the conviction that the so-named Perkin Warbeck was in reality the true Plantagenet, the lost young Duke of York. She says it is impossible to examine the records on the subject that exist in the tower of London, without coming to the same conclusion; and accordingly she makes the various adventures of this unfortunate prince, (so she insists on styling him,) commencing with his rescue from the tower in early childhood, and ending with the fatal termination of his career upon the scaffold, the story of her work. It is a sad recital; a series of disasters, enlivened only by the marriage of her hero with the lady Catherine Gordon; but yet the book is written with so much energy both of thought and expression, combined with so much truth and feminine delicacy of perception and feeling, that the reader's attention never for a moment flags. The characters are well contrasted with each other, and vividly developed in skilful relief, while the book is full of business, spirit-stirring scenes following each other in rapid succession, and always clearly and powerfully described. After Lord Lovel's unsuccessful insurrection, he traversed England with the alleged son of Edward Fourth under his charge: they are represented as arriving late and travel-wearied, on a stormy night, at a lonely cottage on a wild moor; soon after they had lain down to rest, two other storm-drenched travellers force an entrance into the hut, who prove to be Mynheer Jahn Warbeck, a Flemish money-lender well known at court, and his sister. Part of the scene that follows explains Mrs. Shelley's version of the passage of history, and the picture of the sleeping child is womanly and touching:

"Lovel and Warbeck kept silence, till the deep breathing of their companions shewed that they slept: then, in reply to the Fleming's questions, Lovel related the history of the last months, and at the conclusion frankly asked his advice and assistance in accomplishing his design of conveying the Duke of York to Winchester. Warbeck looked thoughtful on this demand, and after a pause said, 'I cannot say wherefore this unfortunate prince excites so strong an interest in me; for in truth my heart yearns towards him as if he were akin to me. Is it because he bore for a time my poor boy's name?'

"Warbeck paused; his hard features were strongly marked by grief.—'I and my sister,' he continued, 'crossed the country to visit my Peterkin, who was ill—who is lost to me now for ever.'

"A pause again ensued: the young soldier respected too much the father's grief to interrupt it. At length the Fleming said, 'Lord Lovel I will—I trust I can—save Duke Richard's life. My sister is kind-hearted; and the silence you have observed concerning the very existence of King Edward's son makes the task more easy. Madeline is about to return to her own country; she was to have taken my Peterkin with her. Let the prince again assume that name: it shall be my care to escort him in this character to Winchester; and at Portsmouth they may embark, while you follow your own plans, and take refuge with the friends you mention in these parts.'

"As Warbeck spoke, Lovel motioned to him to observe his sister, who, unable to sleep, was observing them with attention. 'Madeline does not understand our English,' said her brother; 'but it were well that she joined our counsels, which may continue in French. I have your leave, my lord, to disclose your secret to her? Fear her not: she would die rather than injure one hair of that poor child's head.'

"On Warbeck's invitation, the lady rose; and he, taking her hand, led her to the low couch of the Duke of York. Sleep and gentle dreams spread an irradiation of beauty over him: his glowing cheek, his eyes hardly closed, the masses of rich auburn hair that clustered on a brow of infantine smoothness and candour, the little hand and arm, which, thrown above his head, gave an air of helplessness to his attitude, combined to form a picture of childish grace and sweetness which no woman, and that woman a mother, could look on without emotions of tenderness. 'What an angelic child!' said the fair sister of Warbeck, as she stooped to kiss his rosy cheek—'what a noble looking boy! Who is he?'

"'One proscribed,' said the Cavalier—'one whom he who reigns over England would consign to a dungeon. Were he to fall into the hands of his enemies, they might not, indeed dare not, cut him off violently; but they would consume and crush him, by denying him all that contributes to health and life.'

Perkin's two visits to Ireland are very circumstantially narrated, but we can only find room for part of the attack on Waterford, described in the account of the second:

"On the fifteenth of July, 1497, the Duke of York, the Earl of Desmond, and the other chief of many names, some Geraldines, all allied to, or subject to them, as the O'Briens, the Roches, the Macarthy's, the Barry's, and others, assembled at Youghall, a town subject to the Earl of Desmond, and situated about mid-way between Cork and Waterford, at the mouth of the river Blackwater.

"On the twenty-second of July the army was in movement, and entered the county of Waterford; the chiefs, at the head of their respective followers, proceeded to the shrine of St. Declan at Ardmore, to make their vows for the success of their expedition. The church at Ardmore, the round tower, the shrine, and healing-rock, were all objects of peculiar sanctity. The Countess of Desmond, and her young son, and the fair Duchess of York, accompanied this procession from Youghall. After the celebration of mass, the

illustrious throng congregated on the rocky eminence, on which the mysterious tower is built overlooking the little bay, where the calm waters broke gently on the pebbly beach. It was a beauteous summer day; the noonday heat was tempered by the sea breeze, and relieved by the regular plash of the billows, as they spent themselves on the shore. A kind of silence—such silence as there can be among a multitude, such a silence as is preserved when the winds sing among the pines—possessed the crowd: they stood in security, in peace, surrounded by such objects as excited piety and awe; and yet the hopes of the warrior, and, if such a word may be used, a warrior's fears, possessed them; it was such a pause as the mountain-goat makes ere he commits himself to the precipice. A moment afterwards all was in motion; to the sound of warlike instruments the troops wound up the Ardmore mountains, looking down on the little fleet, that stemmed its slow way towards the harbour of Waterford. The ladies were left alone with few attendants. The young Duchess gazed on that band of departing warriors, whose sole standard was the spotless rose; they were soon lost in the foldings of the hills; again they emerged; her straining eye caught them. That little speck upon the mountain-side contained the sole hope and joy of her life, exposed to danger for the sake of little good; for Katherine, accustomed to the sight of armies, and to the companionship of chiefs and rulers, detected at once the small chance there was, that these men could bring to terms a strongly fortified city; but resignation supplied the place of hope; she believed that Richard would be spared; and, but for his own sake, she cared little whether a remote home in Ireland, or a palace in England receive them. She looked again on the mountain path; no smallest moving object gave sign of life; the sun-light slept upon the heathly uplands; the grey rocks stood in shadowy grandeur; Katherine sighed and turned again to the chapel, to offer still more fervent prayers, that on this beauteous earth, beneath this bright genial heaven, she might not be left desolate: whatever else her fortune, that Richard might be hers.

"The army which the Earl of Desmond led against Waterford, did not consist of more than two thousand men. With these he invested the western division of the city. Richard, with his peculiar troop, took his position at the extremity of this line, nearest Passage, close to Lombard's Marsh, there to protect the disembarkment of troops from the fleet.

Neither party failed in zeal or activity. The first days were actively employed in erecting works and bringing the cannon to play upon the town. On the third, in the very midst of their labours, while the Earl in his litter was carried close under the walls among the pioneers, and Lord Barry in his eagerness seized a spade and began to work, signals of attack were made from the town, and the troops poured out from the nearest gate. The advanced guard were too few to contend with them; they were driven back on the entrenchments. The citizens were full of fury and indignation; they rushed forward with loud cries, and created a confusion, which Desmond and Lord Barry were not slow to encounter; they brought a few regular troops to stand the assault; a well pointed cannon from the town

swept the thin lines; they fell back; a yell of victory was raised by the men of Waterford; it reached the out-post of Duke Richard: he, with a score of men, five among them, with himself, being cavaliers armed at all points, were viewing a portion of the walls that seemed most open to assault; the roar of cannon and the clash of arms called him to more perilous occupation; he galloped towards the scene of action; and, while still the faltering men of Desmond were ashamed to fly, yet dared not stand, he, with his little troop, attacked the enemy on their flank. The white steed, the nodding plume, the flashing sword of York were foremost in the fray; Neville and Plantagenet were close behind; these knights in their iron armour seemed to the half-disciplined Irish like invulnerable statues, machines to offend, impregnable to offence; twenty such might have turned the fortunes of a more desperate day: their antagonists fell back. The knight of Kerry led on at this moment a reinforcement of Geraldines, and a cannon, which hitherto had been rebel to the cannoner's art, opened its fiery mouth with such loud injurious speech, that for many moments the dread line it traced remained a blank. Richard saw the post of advantage, and endeavoured to throw himself between the enemy and the city: he did not succeed; but, on the contrary, was nearly cut off himself by a reinforcement of townsmen, sent to secure the retreat of their fellows. Those who saw him fight that day spoke of him as a wonder: the heart that had animated him in Andalusia was awake; as there he smote to death the turbaned Moor; so now he dealt mortal blows on all around, fearless of the pressing throng and still increasing numbers. While thus hurried away by martial enthusiasm, the sound of a distant trumpet caught his ear, and the echo of fire arms followed; it came from the east—his own post was attacked: now, when he wished to retreat, he first discerned how alone and how surrounded he was; yet, looking on his foes he saw, but for their numbers, how despicable they were; to a knight, what was this throng of half-armed burghers and naked kerns, who pell mell aimed at him, every blow ineffectual? But again the loud bellow of distant cannon called him, and he turned to retreat—a cloud of missiles rattled against him; his shield was struck through; the bullets rebounded from his case of iron, while his sword felled an enemy at every stroke; and now, breaking through the opposing rank on the other side, his friends joined him—the citizens recoiled. ‘Old Reginald’s tower,’ they averred, ‘would have bled sooner than these Sir Tristans—they were charmed men, and lead and good arrow-heads were softer than paper-pellets on their sides.’ The first movement of panic was enough; before their leaders could rally them again to the attack, the English knights were far, riding at full speed towards the eastern gate.

“Here Richard’s presence was enough to restore victory to his standard—flushed, panting, yet firm in his seat, his hand true and dangerous in its blows, there was something superhuman in his strength and courage, yet more fearful than his sharp sword. The excess of chivalrous ardour, the burning desire to mingle in the thickest fight, made danger happiness, and all the terrible shows of war exciting joys to York. When reproached for rashness by his cousin, his bright eye was brighter for a tear,

as he cried, ‘Cousin, I must have some part of my inheritance: my kingdom I shall never gain—glory—a deathless name—oh, must not these belong to him who possesses Katherine? The proud Scots, who looked askance at my nuptials, shall avow at least that she wedded no craven-hearted loon.’”

A second and midnight attack that followed, is thus vividly described:

“Had an angel, on poised wings of heavenly grain, hovered over the city of Waterford, gazing on its star pointing spires, the reflecting waters of the Suir, the tranquil hills and woods that gathered round the river, he would have believed such quiet inviolate, and blessed the sleep that hushed the miserable passions of humanity to repose. Anon there came the splash of waters, the shout of men, the sentinels’ startled cry, the sudden rush of the guard, the clash of swords, the scream, the low groan, the protracted howl, and the fierce bark of the watch-dog joining in. The celestial angel has soared to heaven, scared; and yet honour, magnanimity, devotion filled the hearts of those who thus turned to hell a seeming paradise. Led by Richard and De Faro, while a party was left behind to ensure retreat, another rushed forward right through the town, to throw open the western gate, and admit Desmond, before the terrified citizens had exchanged their nightcaps for helmets; in vain: already the market-place was filled with soldiers ready for the encounter; guided by a native, they endeavoured to find a way through the bye-streets; they lost themselves; they got entangled in narrow allies; the awakened citizens cast upon their heads tiles, blocks of wood, all they could lay hands upon; to get back to the square was their only salvation; although the storm and yell that rose behind, assured them that Desmond had commenced the attack. With diminished numbers York regained the market-place; here he was furiously attacked; the crowd still increased, until the knot of assailants might have been crushed, it seemed, by mere numbers; day, bright day, with its golden clouds and swift pacing sun, dawned upon the scene. In one of those pauses which sometimes occur in the most chaotic roar, a trumpet was heard, sounding as it seemed Desmond’s retreat from the walls. Richard felt that he was deserted, that all hope was over; and to secure the retreat of his men was a work of sufficient difficulty. Foot to foot the young hero and the veteran fought; one by the quickness of his blows, the other by his tower-like strength, keeping back the enemy; while retreating slowly, their faces to the foe, they called on their men to make good their escape. They reached the quay—they saw the wide river, their refuge; their vessels near at hand, the boats hovering close, their safety was in sight, and yet hope of safety died in their hearts, so many and so fierce were those who pressed on them. Richard was wounded, weary, faint; De Faro alone—Reginald’s old tower, which, dark and scathless, frowned on them, seemed his type. They were at the water’s edge, and the high tide kissed with its waves the very footway of the quay: ‘Courage, my Lord, a few more blows and we are safe,’ the mariner spoke thus, for he saw Richard totter; and his arm, raised feebly, fell again without a stroke. At that moment, a flame, and then a bellowing roar, announced that the tardy cannoner had at last opened his

battery on the fleet, from the tower. One glance De Faro cast on his caravel; the bolt had struck and damaged one of the vessels, but the Adalid escaped. ‘Courage, my Lord!’ again he shouted; and at that moment a blow was struck at Richard which felled him; he lay stretched at De Faro’s feet. Ere it could be repeated, the head of the assailant was cleft by a Moorish scymitar. With furious strength, De Faro then hurled his weapon among the soldiers; the unexpected act made them recoil; he lifted up the insensible form of Richard with the power of an elephant; he cast him into the near waves, and leapt in after: raising him with one hand, he cut the waters with the other, and swam thus towards his vessel, pursued by a rain of missiles; one arrow glanced on Richard’s unstrung helmet, another fixed itself in the joint at the neck; but De Faro was unhurt. He passed, swimming thus, the nearest vessels; the sailors crowded to the sides, imploring him to enter: as if it had been school-boy’s sport he refused, till he reached the Adalid, till his own men raised Richard, revived now, but feeble, to her worn deck: and he, on board her well-known planks, felt superior to every sovereign in the world.”

By the bye, it may not be unnecessary to apprise our readers that another work called “Perkin Warbeck, or the Court of James the Fourth of Scotland, an historical Romance, by Alexander Campbell,” has just appeared. We have not seen the book, which is from the press of Leadenhall-street, (published by Newman and Co. ;) but we observe the following summary of its merits by a contemporary Edinburgh critic: “We have read many worse books than Perkin Warbeck, and could mention several writers of historical romances a good deal inferior to Alexander Campbell.” This flattering opinion reminds one of the warm panegyric pronounced by Pennant on a certain Duke of Cleveland, whose palace he happened to visit:—“The duke is a light-hearted, cheerful old gentleman, and in conversation far from an idiot.”

*Waverley Novels; Vol. XIII. New Edition with the Author’s Notes.—Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.*

THIS volume contains the conclusion of the ‘Heart of Mid-Lothian,’ and the commencement of the ‘Bride of Lammermoor.’ The only long or very particular note in the remaining portion of the story of Jeanie Deans, is that about the poor maniac, Feckless Fannie, from whom the first conception of Madge Wildfire was taken by the author. The following is a brief abstract of her history:—

“When Feckless Fannie appeared in Ayrshire, for the first time, in the summer of 1769, she attracted much notice, from being attended by twelve or thirteen sheep, who seemed all endued with faculties so much superior to the ordinary race of animals of the same species, as to excite universal astonishment. She had for each a different name, to which it answered when called by its mistress, and would likewise obey in the most surprising manner any command she thought proper to give. When travelling, she always walked in front of her flock, and they followed her closely behind. When she lay down at night in the fields, for she would never enter into a house, they always disputed who should lie next to